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The Ladies Answer

TO THAT

Busie-Body,

Who wrote the *Life and Death of DU VALL.*

I'Le tell thee senseless *Fool*, who e're thou be,
Thou art a *Thiefe*, by far more base than he:
Du Vall a little Wealth did onely take,
Which they who lost it, got perchance by Cheat.
Wealth, which poor Mortals heap they n'ere so fast,
Pitiless Death will take them from at last.
But Thou unworthy to be call'd a Man,
Thou art a Beast, or monstrous *African*.

Would from our Ladies that *Bright Honour* have,
Which out-lives Us, and triumphs o're the Grave.
Honour's a Thing too Sacred and Divine,
Once to be touch'd by such rude Hands as thine.
How dar'st thou blame such mild and generous Tears,
Or strive to blast their Pity with thy Jeers?
If they were sorry, 'twas not that their Thoughts
Approv'd his Crimes, or justifi'd his Faults;
Yet so much Valour as the Prisoner had,
And so much Youth, might make a *Tigre* sad.

The greatest Lords that *England* now can vaunt,
Pity'd him too, and begg'd his pardons graunt:

But them thou dar'st not mention, 'tis thy fear
Their Swords should find thee out for all thy care;
Onely poor *Ladies*, that have no defence,
Nothing to guard them, but their Innocence.
These thou pick'st out, their Arms are in their Eyes;
And *Love* (thou know'st) disdains so small a Prize;
Which makes thee bold, and glad to venture where
Thou think'st there is not the least danger.

This shews thy *Narrow Soul*, thy *Little Merit*;
This shews thou art all *Wall*, and hast no *Spirit*.
Suppose 'twere true, that any Lady here
For the poor *Criminal* did shed a Teare;
Those for whose *Beauty's* we were wont to die,
Wee'd now adore for their *Humanitie*;
And their relenting Hearts should bear no more
Those *Marble Names* their vigour got before.
I to thy cost would soon defend their Fame,
But *Coward* as thou art, thou hid'st thy Name.
Coward indeed! who can'st employ thy Pen
Onely against *Weak Women*, and *Dead Men*.

El. C.

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